

As most of you know, I just arrived back home following a most exciting and wonderful trip to the Maritime Provinces in Canada. You just cannot imagine the awesome scenery and wilderness landscapes. It is an ongoing debate--Quebec wants to become a country in its own right, and that would leave the Maritimes in limbo. The consensus is that if this occurs, the Maritimes will become a part of the United States, a sad loss for Canada, but a wonderful acquisition for America.

After working all night, Monday, May 8, I drove straight to the airport in Lubbock and boarded a flight to Dallas, making a connecting flight to Toronto. As usual, Larry met me at the airport, not trusting me to get to Oshawa alone. After all, he is the King of Mass Transit. (The first time, I came to Canada; he hired a cab, which cost \$80 roundtrip.) For \$2.75 we can catch the bus, the 192 Rocket to the East-West subway system, and arrive at Union Station where we take the Lakeshore GO train to Oshawa, and then the bus to within a few steps from Larry's doorway, arriving at 9:30 PM. And amazingly, in about the same amount of time it takes to get there by cab.

**DFW Airport**



**ViaRail Ticket Counter**



It was up early the next morning to get ready to catch the 12:30 PM train at ViaRail. Our first stop was in Montreal, so obviously French. Unlike the rest of Canada that has signs and other print in both French and English, everything is French, billboards and road signs. Even if an English person is bilingual, preferences are giving to French descendents in the job market with no regard to qualifications in most cases, contributing to growing tension between the French and English. We had a short wait to board the Ocean, ViaRail's train on to Halifax. We walked down the street, taking a few pictures of the huge Catholic Cathedral of Montreal, monuments and signs



**Cathedral of Montreal**



We arrived in Halifax, right on time, 4:30 PM, Thursday, May 10. We rented a Ford Freestyle SUV, complete with a DVD player, our trusty gray steed for the 3,000 km excursion through the Maritimes Provinces, and headed to our first stop, Miramichi City, New Brunswick.



**Governor's Mansion**

We arrived at the Governor's Mansion, a bed and breakfast, right on the banks of the Miramichi River. We stayed three days in the Lord Beaverbrook Room.



**Twyla Woodring  
Larry Power**

William Maxwell "Max" Aitken, 1st Baron Beaverbrook, (May 25, 1879 – June 9, 1964) was a Canadian – British business tycoon and politician. Aitken was born in Maple, Ontario in 1879. The following year, his family moved to Newcastle, New Brunswick, the place Aitken would always call home. It was here, at the age of 13, he published his

**Larry Power**



first newspaper. Aitken moved to England, where in 1910 became Unionist Member of Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyne, and where he bought and later sold control of the Rolls-Royce automobile company and began to build a London newspaper empire. He often worked closely with Andrew Bonar Law, another native of New Brunswick, who became the only Canadian to be Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. In 1911, Aitken was knighted by King George V. Over time, he turned the dull newspaper into a glittering and witty journal, filled with an array of dramatic photo layouts and in 1918, he founded the *Sunday Express*. By 1934, daily circulation reached

1,708,000, generating huge profits for Aitken whose wealth was already such that he never took a salary. Following World War II, the *Daily Express* became the largest selling newspaper in the world, by far, with a circulation of 3,706,000.

Governor's Mansion is a lovely old 1800's home and from the window, we had a great view of the river and Beaubears Island. Larry says that the Miramichi is much nicer now that the pulp and paper mills are closed, and certainly, smells much better. The estate includes two 19<sup>th</sup> Century houses, a carriage house, conservatory and general store. In the mid 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the property was taken over and expanded by a successful lumber business family. Today, it is one of the last remaining timber baron estates. It served one time as



**Miramichi River**

the residence of Lieutenant Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, J. Leonard O'Brien. He was appointed Lieutenant Governor in 1958, and carried out his high office of representative of the Crown with dignity and devotion. Because of his sterling personal qualities and lofty ideals, the University of Moncton conferred upon O'Brien the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, honoris causa.

Beaubears Island is situated in the Miramichi River between the former town of Newcastle and the village of Nelson-Miramichi. In 2002, Beaubears Island was recognized for two designations of historical significance. Boishebert National Historic Site of Canada, tells the story of Charles Deschamps de Boishebert who led the Acadians to Beaubears Island and Wilson's Point where they took refuge after the deportation of 1755. Beaubears Island Shipbuilding National Historic Site of Canada, J. Leonard O'Brien Memorial,



**Beaubears Island**

is the only known extensive, undisturbed archaeological site, which still exists today, associated with the 19th century wooden shipbuilding industry in New Brunswick, and perhaps Canada.

Scattered throughout the Provinces are many very old and beautiful churches, too many to stop and photograph. Right up the road from Governor's Mansion was St. Patrick's Church. Malcolm's Chapel, as it was called, was built in 1796, and replaced in 1826 by a larger wooden structure that burned in 1883. The present day St. Patrick's Church was completed and blessed by the Bishop of Chatham James Rogers, 08 November 1864.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Nelson-Miramichi, has special significance to Larry. Both of his children, Zack and Sarah were christened there.

It was in Miramichi that I first learned about the Tidal Bore. A tidal bore (or eagre) is a tidal phenomenon in which the leading edge of the incoming tide forms a wave (or waves) of water that travel up a river or narrow bay against the direction of the current. As such, it is a true *tidal wave*. The word bore derives through Old English from the Old Norse word *bara*, meaning a wave or swell. Bores occur in relatively few locations worldwide, usually in areas with a large tidal range

#### Tidal Bore—Low Tide



**St. Mary's Church**



(typically more than 20 feet between high and low water), and where incoming tides are funnelled into a shallow, narrowing river via a broad bay. Bores take on various forms, ranging from a single breaking wavefront—effectively a shock wave—to ‘undular bores’ comprising a smooth wavefront followed by a train of solitary waves (solitons). Larger bores can be particularly dangerous for shipping, but also present opportunities for river surfing.

Bores in North America include:

- Petitcodiac River in the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick, Canada, formerly the highest bore in North America, over 2 metres (6 feet) high. It was reduced to little more than a ripple due to causeway construction and extensive siltation.
- Shubenacadie River, also off the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia. When the tidal bore approaches, completely drained riverbeds are filled. The bore is fastest and tallest in some of the smaller rivers that connect to the Bay. It has claimed the lives of several tourists that were in the riverbeds when the bore came in.
- Turnagain arm of Cook Inlet, Alaska. Up to 2 metres (6 feet) and 20 km per hour.

Most rivers off the upper Bay of Fundy between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have tidal bores. These include the River Hebert and Maccan Rivers, the St. Croix River in the Minas Basin, the Miramichi and the Salmon River in Truro. When it is low tide, rivers may be just a muddy bed completely devoid of water and at high tide, water filled and overflowing into marsh-like land, skirting the river's edge.

Friday, May 11, we met with Een Godin, Larry's old friend, neighbor and the Godmother of Larry's daughter, Sarah. Larry and his family lived on the South Esk Road from 1975 until 1981. He was saddened to hear that her husband, Hector, had passed away about five years ago from cancer. Larry said that Hector and Een were the best neighbors that anyone could ever have. Lucky that Een was with us or Larry might not have been able to find the South Esk where Hector and Een's old round house still stands. Everything had

**Larry Power**  
**Een Godin**



**Larry Power**



changed so much in 28 years, with houses built all around and Larry's house long since replaced. At age 71, Een is as spry as ever, but then, she was always capable of doing the work of two or three men.

From there we went to the Miramichi Salmon Conservation Centre that offers free educational tours. The amazing life cycle of the Atlantic salmon is explained as the various life stages are viewed in a full production hatchery environment. Each season has its own highlight, the most excitement generated when the large adult salmon are stripped of their eggs and fertilized.

Salmon and trout are the common names for several species of fish of the family

**Fish Hatchery**



**Een Godin, Larry Power & Twyla Woodring**

Salmonidae. Salmon live in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, as well as the Great Lakes and other land locked lakes.

Typically, salmon are anadromous: they are born in fresh water, migrate to the ocean, then return to fresh water to reproduce. Modern research shows that usually at least 90%

of the fish that spawn in a particular stream were born there. The centre also raises trout, and allows fishing in the summer from special ponds. We saw three-foot long salmon. The tour guide said that salmon could live to be one hundred years old, and that they might travel as far away as Iceland to spawn. One of the studies that has been conducted there is the effects of DDT on the fish of the Miramichi.

We then drove to the Enclosure, a provincial park, formerly known as Wilson's Point. This location marks the area of Miramichi that was first developed by settlers. It, along with Beaubears Island, was involved in the Acadian Expulsion. It now serves as a campground and contains kilometres of walking trails. We ate at the restaurant located just before the gate. Larry indulged in his first lobster club sandwich. Although the Enclosure was not yet open for the season, we were allowed to drive through. It was just one of the many beautiful areas that we would see.

### Restaurant at The Enclosure



Een invited us in to see her apartment which was converted from the Wandyl Inn. Een had just painted the living room, (by herself) and had it decorated nicely, with many of the items she and Hector had collected over the years. There were also furniture items that Hector has made for Een.

After dropping Een off, we went on to visit with Norm and Janis Brown. Norm was Larry's boss and best friend. Twenty-eight years had hardly changed them at all. Norm keeps in shape crosscountry skiing, and is a member of the 1,000 km Club of about five skiers who do the 1,000 km every winter. Norm was one of the runners who crossed the 12.9 km

### Norm & Janis Brown



Confederation Bridge on the opening day, May 31, 1997 at Prince Edward Island. It is estimated that almost 75,000 people participated in a "Bridge Walk" and "Bridge Run" during the hours immediately prior to the opening for traffic. The first traffic crossing at approximately 5 PM ADT following a nationally televised ceremony which aired on CBC and included a sailpast of the schooner *Bluenose II*, a flyover by the *Snowbirds*, and an emotional farewell to the beloved ferries which made their final crossings that evening.

The evening was spent regaling old stories and catching up on the last 28 years. Larry, of course, had to tell all his best and worst stories, with Norm adding a few Wamper tales of

his own. I'm sure you will hear them all, as these long-forgotten stories will find their way into Larry's repertoire.

I had the chance to sample homemade fish chowder and mussels, both of which are very tasty. Larry wouldn't try them. No way was he going to eat any of those ugly-looking things. Too bad, he misses a lot of culinary experiences by being such a fussy eater.

Norm grew up on Campobello Island where he began skipping school when he was 11-years-old and going out to sea with a local fisherman who thought Norm was about 15. The sea captain found out when Norm's mom showed up. One of Larry's favorite stories about Norm began with a boating trip to several of the islands on the Miramichi Bay, digging clams. Norm picked up some black, crawly thing on the beach and popped it in his mouth. Now here are two hippy guys with several beers under the belt, Norm, who had never learned to swim, standing on the bow and Larry steering a boat that he knew nothing about. Larry says that he would never have been able to turn the boat around if Norm had fallen overboard.

The next afternoon, we met Norm and drove to Baie Ste. Anne, birthplace of Yvon Durelle, (October 14, 1929 – January 6, 2007) British Empire heavyweight champion boxer.



**Theodore Williston**

It turns out that Theodore (27-years-old at the time) is the last surviving sea captain of the Escuminac Disaster. He rescued one fisherman and brought back a dead seaman. He lost five members of his own family in the disaster.

The skies turned ominous shortly after supper 18 June 1959, and the storm hit with such ferocity that the shallow waters of the western Gulf of St. Lawrence were reportedly running between 50-60 feet high. Unfortunately, storm warnings had not been passed on to the fishing fleet because the boats had no radios. The Escuminac Hurricane (or Escuminac Disaster) is the name given for a rare June hurricane which struck Canada's Gulf of St. Lawrence on the night of June 19 during the 1959 Atlantic hurricane season, sinking 22

We went to the home of Theodore Williston to purchase fresh lobster at \$5.00 a pound, an unheard of price anywhere around Texas. The sea captain is 76-years-old, and still goes out lobster fishing every day of the short lobster season.



**Theodore Williston, Twyla Woodring & Larry Power**

fishing boats of the 54 boats from the port of Escuminac, New Brunswick and drowning 35.

We spent a couple of hours listening to his stories. He is one of the last few fishermen that still holds a commercial salmon fishing license. He and others are still in a legal battle with the Canadian government.

Theodore said, “There were two Texans relieving themselves on the Brooklyn Bridge in New York. One Texan said, ‘My, the water is sure cold.’ And the other Texan said, ‘Yeah, and mighty deep, too.’”



“Now you can’t blame me for the over-fishing of mermaids. I caught one, but the wife wouldn’t let me keep her. So I threw her back.”

“My wife left me,” he said. “But she will be back when she gets hungry.”

He also spoke of learning to fish at his father’s side when he was four-years-old, and how he had taken his own cute little boy out to sea. And

### The Escuminac Memorial

during an interview at the anniversary of the Escuminac Disaster, that same son, all grown up, doffed his cap, stood up and said, “And I’m still cute.”



Back at Norm and Janis’s house, they set big pots of salted water to boiling to cook the lobster in, and when they were bright red, the lobsters were dumped in

the sink and rinsed with cold water. This was,

indeed, a rare treat for me. I have only had lobster tail at Red Lobster, and to be taught how to crack and eat a fresh lobster just caught that morning in the

Atlantic—WOW!! The sand sac near the top is the only part of the lobster that is



Janis, Larry,  
Twyla & Norm





inedible. Inside is a part that looks like a lady. Janis says she is poisonous. The reddish “coral” is lobster roe or eggs. Some consider it a gourmet treat. My lobster had the coral, but I didn’t know, so I did not eat it. It was a real feast with delicious salads and bread.

### **French Fort Cove**



May 13—Mother’s Day, found us at French Fort Cove where there are several picturesque trails and bridges. We picnicked on chicken and potato salad while a little chipmunk scampered gaily about. The French Fort Cove is a nature park located in Miramichi, and contains regular and advanced walking trails, canoeing,

kayaking, paddle-boats, a children's playground, ice-cream shop and holds many events and activities during the summer. It is the former location of a rock quarry which was used to build many local buildings and the Langevin Block of the Parliament Hill, among others. It



**Larry Power  
Twyla Woodring**

is also the site of Pond Hockey in the winter. By afternoon, we were on our way to more adventures. But Larry was sad to leave his old friends and the place where he had so many happy memories.

The next stop—Kouchibouguac National Park is located on the east coast of New Brunswick, north of the town of Richibucto. The park is named after the



**Kouchibouguac Park  
Twyla Woodring**



Kouchibouguac River. The river's name means "river of the long tides" in Mi'kmaq. The park includes barrier islands, sand dunes, lagoons, salt marshes and forests. It provides habitat for seabirds, including the endangered Piping Plover, and the second largest tern colony in North America. Colonies of harbour seals and grey seals also inhabit the park's 25 kilometres of sand dunes. The park's size is 238 km<sup>2</sup>. Recreational activities in the park include swimming, cycling and hiking.

One of the things Larry remembered about Kouchibouguac was a wooden boardwalk out to the water. We searched in several places. At last, Larry admitted that it might not be there; 28 years does change a lot of things. We ran into a young couple. I asked if they spoke English and then asked about the boardwalk. They pointed the way. Amazingly, here on this windy, cold and cloudy day thousands of miles from home is a couple, not merely just strangers, but amigos from a distant Texas and whose son had been born there. There are no you, no me There are no Blacks, no Anglos, no French, no English, no Aboriginals. There are no Catholics, no Protestants, no Muslims, no Jews. There are no America, no Canada, no Iraq, no Mexico. There are just us, one Universe, one World, one Earth, one home. We are connected in a hoop that never ends. I have touched you in more ways than you will ever know. I have renewed your spirit with a smile and a kind word. A chance encounter, forever, changing that moment in time.

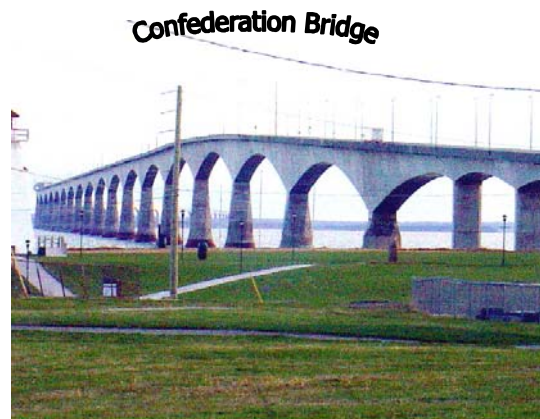


**Kouchibouguac Park  
Larry Power**

Nearing the end of the day, finds us on the Confederation Bridge, a giant concrete and steel arch, spanning the shining big seawater of the Northumberland Strait and the Abegweit Passage. The Confederation Bridge (French: *Pont de la Confédération*) links Prince Edward Island with mainland New Brunswick. It is the world's longest bridge over ice-covered water. Construction

began in the fall of 1993, and continued for three and one-half years, and at a cost of \$1 billion. The 12.9 km long bridge opened on 31 May 1997. It is an engineering marvel and man-made wonder of the world, that withstands the pounding surf and onslaught of ice floes during the spring thaw.

We spend that first night on PEI, in Summerside, (pop. 14,500) the second largest city in Prince Edward Island in the SUV on a pier located on the Summerside Harbour. Can't say it was the most comfortable night ever, but we did enjoy watching *Bad Boys* on the DVD player. This was to be the first look at the many beautiful old heritage homes located in the Maritimes.



On the road again, the next stop—Green Gables at Cavendish, the farm was owned by the Macneill family who were cousins of author Lucy Maud Montgomery. The name "Green Gables" is derived from the rich dark green paint of the gables on the farmhouse, those being the triangular sections of wall at the ends of the steeply pitched roof, occupying the space between the two slopes. The main exterior walls of the farmhouse are painted white.



**Green Gables  
Lovers Lane**

towering red spruce, pine and burch, sprinkled with the rays of a glorious sunny day, one



of only a few that we would see in the Maritimes. The brook was cut from the Great Flood and runs over the rocks from the basement of time, and on the rocks are timeless raindrops. Gossimer ghosts of the past played at the edge of my vision and I was transported to another place in time. Everything has a life, a spirit and a name. They live in the Earth and the water and the sky. Listen with your heart. The solitude and the sound of silence on that wooded path dappled with filtered sunlight filled my soul with a tremendous sense of well-being and belonging. And when I am in the halfflight of the forest, all existence seems to fade and I am alone with my soul and memories. It was the very best of everything, rolled into one incredibly beautiful place. I loved Green Gables and commented, "If I lived here, I would never want to leave." From the rise where Green Gables stands, you can look across the emerald green fields to the wind-swept red dunes of Cavendish Beach along the shimmering crystal sapphire blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, warmed by the Gulf Stream.

We strolled along the alien landscape, reminiscent of the sand dunes on the planet, Arrakis described by Frank Herbert in *Dune*. The natural splendour of the North Shore's woodlands, the Cavendish Dunelands Trail is a short 0.8 km long path with access to Cavendish Beach and, provides numerous views of the sand dunes and ponds which dominate the shoreline vista of the national park.

Montgomery visited the farm as a young girl and based her best-selling *Anne of Green Gables* series of books on the Green Gables farm. She drew romantic inspiration from the house, as well as the surrounding area, including the Haunted Woods, Lovers Lane, and Balsam Hollow.

I toured the house and walked the enchanted Lovers Lane and Balsam Hollow, where wooden bridges traversed the little brook that giggled happily through the fairy tale citadel woods of

wooded path dappled with filtered sunlight filled my soul with a tremendous sense of well-being and belonging. And when I am in the halfflight of the forest, all existence seems to fade and I am alone with my soul and memories. It was the very best of everything, rolled into one incredibly beautiful place. I loved Green Gables and commented, "If I lived here, I would never want to leave." From the rise where Green Gables stands, you can look across the emerald green fields to the wind-swept red dunes of Cavendish Beach along the shimmering crystal sapphire blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, warmed by the Gulf Stream.

